

into the fire, for when God and sin come in contact, 'God is a consuming fire.' But sin that is canceled will not come into judgment and the righteousness of God which takes the place of sin in our hearts is in harmony with God, and will be able to "dwell with the everlasting burnings," for there will be in it no food for flames. To die daily then, in our passions, in our will, in the waning and crushed vitality of the "old man," in the crucifixion of the flesh, is not only to anticipate all the pains of dying, but to convert death into a translation. When that event comes it presents no antithesis to our deepest life, but is a release, a crowning, a beautification, a translation, a glorying, a triumphant uplifting into the splendors and raptures of the world to come.

The Kaiser's Letter

Religion must indeed be at a low ebb in Jerusalem, its original fountain head, when William the War Lord found so much to reprove among the ministers of the sacred city. He gathered them all together, Protestant and Catholic, in the church of the Nativity, and in his address told them that during his visit to the holy places he had met with one disappointment after another. "Here in the church of the Nativity," said he, "which ought to serve as an example of pious charity and pure Christian life, I meet the very reverse of charity and Christianity.

"I am not surprised that Christianity remains unpopular in the Orient and that Mohammedanism, with its fallacious teachings, still holds sway. How can it be otherwise when you clergymen are everlastingly quarreling over dogmatic questions, neglecting to teach true Christian charity and a pure life in emulation of Jesus Christ.

"In the name of the Triune God I admonish every one of you to repent of your life of callous indifference and cold formal worship. Leave the ways of the Old Church and enter at once upon the higher and broader principles of the new Christianity, which seeks to live as much as possible in the spirit of the Gospel. I warn you that unless you do this you will exert but little influence on the Mohammedans, and you will blight the hopes of your brethren who have sent you here as missionaries."

The most of which is pretty good, if William, the versatile, did say it. Nor is it applicable alone to Jerusalem, for it sounds wonderfully like a description of Christianity in many sections of the Occident. "Callous indifference." "Cold formal worship." "Quarreling over dogmatic questions." "Neglecting to teach true Christian charity and a pure life in emulation of Jesus Christ." Good for William; may he live as high as he talks, and may a few thousand churches in this country attend to the imperial exhortation with becoming humility and purpose to reform.

The Meyersdale Commercial and Dr. Swallow

The editor of the *Meyersdale Commercial*, a member of the Reformed Church, reproves Dr. Swallow for running on the prohibition ticket. Prohibition is a "side show," says this political moralist; and furthermore "side shows have had their day, no matter what the issues are;" and again "preaching will not mix with politics worth a picayune."

A wide gulf yawns between the editor's estimate of preaching and his estimate of politics. There is no evidence that his estimate of preaching is superior to the average, and we are left to conclude that the chasm is caused by his conviction of the utter dirtiness of politics, a feeling which ought to come natural to a church member who votes either directly or indirectly to sustain the saloon.

Prohibition is a 'side show,' is it? The kingdom of heaven is a 'side show' to the broad road, with its vastly more numerous multitudes capering and gyrating along the everlasting down grade. In which of the two will you find the saloon and its supporters? In his most natural moments a man will follow his affinities, and we gravely suspect that hostility to prohibition is more pronounced in its moral than in its political significance. A "side show" forsooth, and why? Because there is not enough Christianity in a great company of church members to join hands for the destruction of the saloon. They quibble about methods, as if such division in the heat of the battle were not treason to righteousness; as if the enemy did not take occasion by such quibbling to gain victories; as if the only rational method were not to strike wherever the foe presents himself, in any way that we may, to strike from principle, hoping to do the enemy as much injury as possible, or at any rate that we may exercise ourselves in the warfare of humanity, and enlist others to do likewise. This is the kind of a reformer that editor Smith ought to be, but we very much fear that he is far from it, so far indeed that he can be either indifferent or unconscious in respect to the greatest shame that ever rested upon God's church, and cast mire at a man who is man enough to invite defeat and unpopularity for the sake of a righteous cause.

These "side shows" which happen to be founded in righteousness have a way of coming to the front sometimes, and becoming the main issue. It so happened with the "Free Soil" side show, and others of lesser moral significance, and it will happen again with this crusade against the saloon. Does the editor of the *Commercial* imagine that the rum smelling politics now dominant limits the destiny of our Christian civilization? What is the moral condition of that man who is content with the ravages and abominations

of this ghastly savagry of hell in the very shadow of our churches? He will say, perhaps, that he is *not* content with it, but no amount of empty protestation weighs against one act of abetment and support, which is precisely the character of every vote for any political party which in consideration of its active assistance shelters and sustains the whole diabolical saloon system. There are doubtless thousands who are unconscious of this effect of their votes, their responsibility in the premises being modified by their ignorance. The editor of the *Commercial* may desire to avail himself of this refuge, but we are inclined to the opinion that he is intelligent enough to know that but for the support of the old political parties the saloon could not exist, and but for the responsible votes of church members neither of the old parties would be in a position to protect it. If there is a loop hole in this logic through which the saloon may escape from the greatest danger which confronts it, the fact, to say the least, should not be a matter of congratulation to those citizens who are supposed to represent the moral and Christian elements of the community.

The One Question

Familiar as he was with all great public questions, and more or less absorbed by them, Mr. Gladstone nevertheless declared that there was but one question of the day, and that was the gospel. This said he, was the solvent for all others, a philosophy which is certainly the domain of the religious paper and the spiritual teacher. All problems which concern the welfare of humanity, all the perplexing social entanglements, the saloon question, the negro question, or whatever other matter awaits the solution which is to issue in peace and prosperity, must be decided and solved by the alembic of the old gospel, that divine standard of justice, humanity and good will. When the humanitarian philosophy of that gospel prevails, there will be no saloon question, and no negro question. They will be solved, and shall exist only in the records of an imperfect civilization, agonizing in the birth throes of that universal brotherhood which crowns the gospel ideal.

Personal Mention

Brother Smith is now busy at work in his new charge at Seagentsville, N. J.

Brother Palmer reports four accessions by baptism. The several departments of church work in his charge are doing good work.

Brother Copp reports a number of accessions at Bear Creek congregation, and the work in Dayton going forward encouragingly.

Brother C. H. Marks began revival services at Gravelton, November 19, which resulted in eight accessions, and good prospects for more.

We are glad to report another accession to the Ashland City church. On Saturday afternoon, one of